

## The Empire of Desire

It's rain drumming the trunk  
lid, bent under, creased suit,  
cigarette, a cold

calling salesman conducts  
his jokes in tails  
of smoke, a run-

through, with free hand dealing  
catalogs, samples. He roots

out pens, too, and (scene or slut-  
depending) calendars.

The petty corruption  
of life obtains

histories  
grand as any.

